AN

EPIC POEM

ON ADAM AND EVE.

WITH POETRY, ON

TWO LADIES IN DISGUISE.

A SHORT PASTORAL:

ALSO THE SOLILOQUY OF

A YOUNG LADY;

TOGETHER WITH A POEM,

AN ELEGY, AND A VINDICATION OF

FATE IN MARRIAGE:

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

RULES

FOR POLITE BEHAVIOUR.

I make no doubt but some will criticise,
Whilst others do extol me to the skies;
Therefore betwixt these scenes a mind I own,
Not elevated, nor at all cast down.

BY ANN HOLMES, REDMIRE;
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The Preface.

IF my generous readers possess goodness enough to make a proper allowance for want of a liberal Education, I hope they will approve of my attempt. But those whose grand Foible is Criticism, and whose Spirits have not the power to soar above the reach of Envy, will be frequently finding opportunities (in order to display their own Talents) of endeavouring to heighten the appearance of their own Understanding, by degrading or pulling down that of others; and in pointing out the defects of a performance, when perhaps at the same time, they firmly believe to be as free from blemishes as any of the present Age. However, since my works have not only been so fortunate as to meet with the kind reception of my most partial Friends, but also with the approbation of several principal People in our Neighbourhood, (whose canded judgement may safely be depended on), I have at length ventured upon a Publication; which, should it meet with a general Applause, would lay everlasting obligations on her, who is with the greatest Deference,

the Publick's most obedient,

Humble Servant,

ANN HOLMES.

The Contents

of the EPIC-POEM.

THIS Subject begins with Adam's surprise and joy at first finding Eve; Eve inspired with Female Delicacy, flies from him; but Adam pursues, and in a very pathetic manner woos her return; at the same time relates to her a conversation between the Almighty and him, concerning her; which she secretly approves, and reveals all she knows of her coming into the World: confessing that she likewise was not content alone. Adam then in very pressing terms sues her to Marriage, to which she at length (tho' with seeming reluctance) joyfully consents: Their endearing conversation after Marriage; their Bower described, and closes the discourse with ejaculating praises to God for their mutual Happiness.

The EPIC-POEM.

WHEN Adam wak'd from sleep and did behold,
A woman of such beauteous air and form;
Bright as AURORA, and with looks so mild,
In silent rapture for a while he gazed!
Transported with the view, then with extatic bliss,
Those words express'd; for love inspired his soul
At the first sight: my God, now thou hast made
My joys compleat, my every wish fulfill'd,
By giving me an help-mate so divine.
But Eve, tho' meekest of all human race,
Yet with a soul majestic was she form'd
So with timidity, from him she fled;
And when he did pursue her consious worth,
And honour pleaded her defence; my dear
Said he, do not abscond, nor be dismay'd;
Thou art my arbitress, my fate, my all
In all; for thee I'd live or die; if thou
Wilt deign to smile, my life is crown'd with joy;
But if thou frown, Death would more welcome prove.
Then O my angel fair, refuse not to indulge
A passion thou'st inspired; but hand in hand
Let us return, to yon celestial plain,
For ev'ry where is Heaven, with those we love:
There we will spend each day in mutual love,
Improveing sweet content; each night in calm
Repose, till waken'd by the Linnet's note,
Or Nightingale's soft song; the gentle cooing
Turtle-Dove, or tender bleating Lamb; then

We'll

We'll arise, and trip the flow'ry banks, that
Water'd by the Nectarinal-stream, are
Ever-green; there to thine eye, I'll mark out
Each fair fruit of golden hue, that's pleasant
To the taste, and good for food; and of it thou
May'st freely eat, and ev'ry tree that in
The garden grows, (save one) 'tis God command,
And this to thee fair Eve I will unfold,
Lest thou should'st be betray'd to eat the same;
'Tis that which in the midst of Eden stands:
And when the Lord first plac'd me there, he said,
To thee I give dominion over all,
O'er ev'ry living thing that moves the earth,
Cattle and creeping things, Birds of the air,
And Fishes of the sea shall all be thine.
Each vegetable too, plants, herbs and flowers,
With trees that ever yield ambrosial fruit,
Thou solely shall possess: but now behold
Here is one tree superiour to them all,
That by its sight may be distinguished;
Be sure the same thou ne'er attempt to taste;
It is the tree of knowledge good and ill,
Therefore on pain of Death I do thee charge;
For if thou eat'st thereof, thou sure must die.
Thus ended he, and silence reign'd a while,
For sternly he pronounced those words, by which
I was quite over awed, and trembling stood
Deprived of speech, and with sad horror seized;
Till his clear'd aspect bade my hopes revive;
O then with courage brave and bold I said,
Almighty God! Omnipotent of Heaven;
Author and sovereign Lord of all the earth,
Reason and justice do thy words so arm

Thy mandate, I will certainly obey;
Nor deem the task too hard my gracious Lord:
Who could be found possessing such a thought?
Since here not only plenty doth abound,
But superfluous are all kinds of food:
The clustring grapes hang on the bending vine,
With eager wish her burden to unload;
And the pomegranate too, delicious grows,
With choice of other fruit most plenteously:
One tree therefore may be refrain'd with ease;
However I this resolution form,
To keep thy law, so fixt is my design;
For lo, thy will shall ever be my guide;
Rather than eat the same, I'd choose to die.
My maker heard me with attentive ear;
And then a look benign he on me cast;
Adam says he, prove faithful to the end,
Thy perseverance shall rewarded be:
For this dominion, thou not only shalt possess
This fair plantation and this happy Isle,
But all the universe, the work of mine own hand,
On thee and on thy race I will bestow.
O Heavenly Sire said I, or if in Heaven
A higher name there be by which thou art
Distinguished, inspire me with the same;
That as is meet so I may reverence thee:
And in return for all those benefits
On me conferr'd, to thee may homage pay.
Then at his feet, I in submission fell,
But moved with pitty soon he bade me rise:
No, suffer me cry'd I, on bended knee,
(For now this humble posture suits my state)
To crave a greater favor at thy hand,
Than ever yet on me thou hast confirr'd,

Tho' numerous; Lord, thy gracious gifts have been.
My son said he, what canst thou now require,
What lackest thou, is not thy utmost wish
Fulfill'd; are not all things around thee made
Delightful and replete? speak if thou any
Imperfection see? In a submissive tone
I then reply'd, O father be not angry
With thy son, since thou vouchsafest to call me thine;
A name thrice welcome to mine ear; but Oh!
Right well I ween those earthly joys will soun
Insipid prove, or solitary seem:
This Eden will a desart soon appear,
Unless a partner to myself I find;
To sooth my woes, or to partake my joys.
Then with a smile he cry'd, importunate man,
I now percieve what way thy wishes tend;
The full extent of thy desires I see:
A subtil happiness indeed thou dost
Unto thyself propose; well be it so,
For long e'er now the same was my design,
And my omission but thy skill to try;
Pleased with thy judgement, I this favor grant;
For 'tis not meet that man should be alone,
An help-mate thou shalt find to thy desire:
So said, our Heavenly father did depart;
And on a sudden fast asleep I fell,
And slept long time, but when I did awake,
To my great joy I thee beheld most fair;
Fairer than ought my Eyes had ever seen,
Beyond my expectation, above desire;
Such perfect beauty in thy face did shine,
No lilly could with thee compare, nor flower
That in this spacious garden ever grew:
Their fragrancy likewise thou dost excel,

Sweeter

Sweeter thou art than the cool Zephyr-breeze,
Or damask rose; sweeter by far my dear
Than odoriferous balm, brighter than Eos
Or the evening star: in short thy looks,
Thy smile, thy voice and actions, all to me
Seem softest, sweetest, kindest, best; then O!
My beautious Eve, be frankly led unto
The nuptial-bower; thou hast no need to yield
Reluctantly the obligation to
Inhance this favor, great however gain'd;
My life must end e'er it can be repay'd.
Here Adam ceased to speak, and for a while,
In silent expectation stood involved
In deep suspense: his looks betray'd his fears,
Fear over him was seen predominant
To reign, as tho' unworthy to receive
This noblest gift of Heaven; and lest the same
Should prove a phantom or a vision strange,
As once before he'd seen; but then said he,
So soon as I arose from sleep, behold
All was realized; if this prove so I'm bless'd,
For ever bless'd: thus contemplating stood
Our great grand-sire. O! then thus spoke the sweet
Angelic fair, this first famed parent of
All human race, with words more soft and mild
Than any may-morning; yet Heavenly
And harmonious was the sound, and like
The Siren sweet, soon charm'd the list'ning ear;
For dignity and love were close combin'd,
To grace and beautify her every charm.
Nay, Heaven itself shone in her sparkling eye.
O! what am I she said that thou call'st Eve?
Or what art thou that thou art Adam nam'd?
Tell me I pray, or from what place we came,

For I no other of myself can tell;
Than that I one day found myself alone;
Alone reclined upon a pleasant bank,
Profuse with flowers beneath a shady tree;
The pretty tuneful birds sung vernal airs,
The tender lambkins round me skip'd and play'd;
The Sun shone bright, all nature seem'd to smile;
But what I was, or what this meant I could
By no means tell; then with a voice most loud
And shrill I cry'd, Oh! what am I, a voice
As quick rebounded, what am I, alas
My apprehension at those words began;
Such dreadful terror did me seize as I,
Till then had never known, irresolute
And motionless I stood a while, not knowing
What to do, or where to go; at length with
Devious steps I wander'd forth, and by
Mere chance survey'd the water clear; where, at
The bottom as I thought, I spy'd a figure
Like myself in form, but beautiously
Mild; 'twas thee thought I, fair creature that did
Answer make, in whom such sweet and winning
Softness doth appear; this morning scene did
So attract mine eyes, that with delight, I
Could have gazed till now; had not another
Voice alarm'd my ear, which said, fair creature
Follow me, for what thou now beholdest
With attention great, is nothing more than
What thou may'st in every pool behold,
The shadow of thyself; and when thou dost
Retire, it doth retire; but come thou forth,
And I will be thy guide to one who for
Thy coming doth impatient wait; one like
Thyself in form, but different in sex;

With

With him thou must abide all thy life-long;
He will to thee a joyful partner prove,
And thou to him a solace dear. I own
This did my drooping spirits cheer, my heart
With joy and gladness fill, for I like thee
Was not content alone, I wanted something,
Tho' I knew not what; with that I hither
Came, where thee I found beneath a plantain,
Tall indeed and fair, yet such a sight I'd
Never seen, unless the image in the brook,
And that methought appear'd more soft and mild;
So from thy presence instantly I fled,
But thou with hasty steps as soon pursued:
And by thy graceful looks and melting speech,
Made me as soon return. then after all
My dearest love he said, why this reserve,
Why is my happiness delay'd? since by
The power of Heaven it is decreed, that you
Should be my bride: her crimson cheek that with
Affection glow'd, from him she turn'd and made
Him this reply; then are all things decreed,
And have we no free-will, no choice to take
What we desire, or shun, what we dislike;
But Adam smiling said, my dearest Eve,
What God ordains, he forms our minds thereto;
Creates in us an inclination strong,
To love and to obtain what e'er we love;
Therefore it is no force but choice, by which
We two unite such solid arguments
As these, sounding so just in reasons ear, I maid
None could them disapprove. At length this blushing
With coy submission, and with modest pride,
She yielded to be his; he led her thence
With lingering steps and languid looks, but

Joyful heart; for tho' by her yet unconfess'd,
'Twas happiness compleat; for when the nuptial rites
Were solemniz'd, she said, come to my arms,
My husband and my Lord, for now thy will
Shall be my only care; henceforth I from
Thy side will never stray: in rapture then
He claspt her to his breast, unto his lips
Prest her white hand and said, thou fair possesser
Of my heart, dearer to me thou art than
Worlds on Worlds; my partner thou in joy or grief,
My solace and my comfort through this life
Must be. O Adam she reply'd, what place
Hast thou for me assign'd, that with the name
Of partner thou dost honour me a hight,
To which I never must aspire, lest I
Presumptuous should be deem'd; me, who
Much inferior am, that when with thee
Compared, and with thy nobleness of mind,
Thy solid judgement and thy sense secure,
A mirror they do prove, wherein I all
My imperfections see; therefore, be thou
My teacher and my guide; o'er my weak senses
Arbitrary reign: shield and protect I pray
This feeble frame, lest any should the same
Oppose; and in return, thou shalt me all
Obedience find: if I more potent
Was, more love I'd shew, in melting words like these
Love's innocent address, till summon'd by
The power of sleep's soft call, each joyous day
And night by this glad pair wer' pass'd, whil'st ev'ry (day
Unto each other they became more dear;
Till at the last 'twas said, no poets fam'd
Of old could tell their love, so true Leander's
Constancy they did surpass; Pyramus and

His Thisbe true, could ne'er with them compare,
Although the tragic tale on record hangs,
A silvan scene thus many days in joy
And mirth, the marriage feast was kept; fruit of
Delicious kind our father did present
To his fair spouse, whilst she the favor to
Retaliate, did gather choicest flowers
Her bower to bedeck; which was a seat
Of bliss, a safe retreat, a pleasant shade,
Surrounded by a row of Cedars tall,
And lofty Pines right o'er the top; the Olive
Did extend her branches green, and with the
Cypress and the Yew combine, that on the
Other side in close connection stood, the
Jessamine and Woodbine sweet united were
To form this stately Bower, with many a
Bushey shrub and Ozier green, and many
A fragrant Rose were in this curious
Arbour interwove, where birds of sundry
Notes their tuneful melody each night and
Morn renew'd; and by hymeneal power
Impell'd, harmoniously they sang the
Nuptial song; the Lark and Linnet warbling
Echo shrill, more Musical than Harp or Lyre,
Soon charm'd to rest this innofensive pair;
That in their shady Alcove lay secure,
Upon a bed of Violets sweet, safe in
Each other's arms, calm and serene their thought,
From cause or apprehensive fear remote,
No danger being near; for to this shade
No one could entrance find or durst approach,
It being so ingeniously contriv'd
That by those two alone access was found;
So like the Temple of Diana fair;

It might be term'd, one of the seven wonders
Of the world; where our first parents dear, to
Somnus did each silent night resign: that
Sable seem'd, although illumin'd by fair
Phoebe's lamp, until the day-star did appear;
When Adam softly rose from his sweet Bride,
That like dame Venus by his side was laid;
A kiss from either cheek he stole, then lest
He should disturb her morning's dream, anon
With cautious steps he left the Bower, and to
His early labour did repair, to lop
The branches that luxuriant grow, or tend
The growing plants; each avenue and walk
Likewise he greatly did improve for the
Reception of his faithful Bride; then to
Himself thus said, such fruit and flowers I now
Intend to have, e'er the Sun rise to check
Their growing sweets, as seem most meet to welcome
My fair Bride; of flowers then I choose the
Lilly, Pink and Rose; the Lilly and the Pink,
Her beauty imitate; her blushing suits
The Rose. Of Fruit I mean to pull, such as
I think will please, and that a taste refin'd
Can well digest; then to compleat the scene,
Each path I will bestrow with Violets blew;
This being done, he waited long, e'er he
Would interrupt her quiet rest: at length
Unto the Bower he came, a while in
Extasy he stood, and with attentive eye
Beheld her beauty, that asleep or wake
Was stil the same; then gently seized her hand
And whisper'd in her ear, arise fair Eve,
The morning is far spent, the Sun is on
His journey many a league; besides the

Tender Plants, Herbs, Fruit and Flowers require
Thy helping hand, and what is most of all,
Angelic Eve, thy presence is to me -
So dear, that without thee my love, no solid
Satisfaction can I find; then Eve at this
Endearing speech awoke, half raised herself
And on her side reclin'd, beheld him with
A smile, a smile of cordial love; a
Smile that spoke the language of her heart: my
Dearest Lord said she, I thy command obey;
Not with reluctance but with chearful heart,
For 'tis a wife's best duty so to do:
Those words our general mother spoke and
Ready seem'd to go, for she no ornamental
Robes requir'd, no foolish fashions by her
Studied were, nor art of dress, but clad in
Naked majesty, with innocence adorn'd;
Her golden tresses o'er her shoulders hung,
And gave at e'ery breeze a careless wave, (plain;
Whilst hand in hand they traverse o'er the verdant
Then round about fair Eden took a walk,
Their Heavenly habitation to review;
For in it ev'ry day new beauties they espy'd.
Thus in a state of Innocence liv'd they,
Whose whishes then, beyond the bounds of Heaven
Had never stray'd; nor elevated by
Ambitious thoughts, a higher lot pursued;
But peace and concord, unity and love,
Such happiness replete, bore all the sway.
When Adam first of men, to Eve his spouse,
The first of women said, my dear and ever
New delight, in whom my heart and soul rejoice,
What praises do we owe to God on high
For all those gifts, innumerable gifts

On us bestowed, and blessings showered upon
Our heads unworthy as we are; yet let
Us grateful prove, for no return but this
We two can make; no more our Lord requires:
And that in competition set, is light
As air; for tho' ten thousand years were spent
In praise, 'twould be too short his wonderous
Love to tell; since Angels on their golden
Viols new, with Cherubims and all the
Heavenly host with acclamation loud,
His mighty deeds proclaim, and him extol
Above the starry-skies, whilst with the sound
Of melody so sweet, the Heaven rebound.

POETRY, ON

TWO LADIES *IN DISGUISE.*

TWO London Ladies fair, of high renown,
Would dress in rustic-garb, and leave the town;
For recreation in a pleasant grove,
Their conversation was a scene of love
A rural habit did each maid disguise,
To gather mushrooms was their enterprise;
A little basket on each Lady's arm,
When thus equip'd, they thought secure from harm
They might indulge this fancy all the day;
But soon two country Squires came that way,
Who were transported at the sight and said,
Behold for each of us a pretty maid;
Who by appearance are of low degree,
Our conversation therefore may be free;
And if their approbation we behold,
We'll straight present them with a purse of Gold;
But if they modest seem perhaps we may,
Be forced to court and name the happy day.
They from their horses quickly did alight,
The charming nymphs as quickly took their flight;
But those two amorous sparks on wings of love,
Did them pursue and did successful prove;
And as they ran they stipulated so,
All cases should be stated fair you know:

He that outstriped the other in the race,
Should have his choice which girl he would t'embrace.
At length the Ladies they did overtake,
The first he no apology did make;
But one he seized, you are my choice said he,
And from her lips took kisses two or three;
Therefore you nothing have to apprehend,
Those eyes would make a monarch condescend;
For tho' you seem to be of low extraction,
I do protest I love you to distraction,
And mean to raise you to a noble station,
Angelic maid beyond your expectation:
But by her looks he plainly did behold,
She thought this conversation far too bold;
I should decline this honour she reply'd
Tho' you intend me to be your bride;
He that my hand in marriage would recieve,
Must ask the favor; but I now percieve,
You think you are confering one said she,
Therefore begone you are no match for me.
With reverential awe and great submission,
You humbly should have sued for my permission;
To wait upon me home, that is the way,
You would proceed, was I a Lady gay.
And yet I have a soul as much refin'd,
Likewise so elevated is my mind,
As tho' I had been born of noble race;
At which a blush o'er spread her lovely face.
The other couple at some distance were,
Unto them instantly she did repair;
Saying, dear cousin I have left my love
For such a coxcomb ne'er on earth did move.
Her cousin smiling said, I greatly fear,
For our diversion we shall pay too dear;

For I as well as you have been tormented,
With such a one as you have represented.
The Squires took their leave irreverently,
Exaggerated to a great degree.
But e'er the Ladies had convers'd an hour
They were attended by a coach and four,
Which safe convey'd them to their habitation,
Not one more splendid in the British Nation,
Except our royal King's most sumptuous Court,
Where these two Ladies frequently resort;
For with a noble Knight those Ladies dwell,
Whose moral virtues no one can excell.
Likewise he is a most indulgent Brother,
Unto the one, and Cousin to the other;
Who was a wealthy Merchants Daughter dear,
Heir unto Thirty Thousand Pounds a year:
For when her Father was of life depriv'd,
She was the only child that him surviv'd;
She to her Cousin told the whole affair,
Who as he rode one night to take the air,
Those two officious boobys chanced to meet,
And in a courteous manner did them greet:
Saying, if you this evening please to call,
You shall be kindly welcomed at my Hall;
Where you may hold a pleasant conversation,
With two politest Ladies in the Nation.
They humbly thank'd him for the complement,
Then straight with this young gallant Lord they went;
And as they rode together on the way,
They did enquire about the Ladies gay;
He said one of them is my Sister dear,
The other is an heiress who for fear,
Of being taken off to GRATNEY-GREEN.
Was brought to Town as grand as any Queen;

But

But if particulars you do require,
She'll gratify with pleasure, your desire,
She is a country girl, therefore will be
Right glad two native Gentlemen to see.
They did arrive that instant at his Hall,
Where he'd domestics many at a call;
And these young Squires to accomodate,
Two beauteous Damsels all in white did wait,
Who did conduct them to a spacious room,
Adorn'd with Roses full of sweet perfume:
They were astonish'd when they did behold,
The furniture all Ebony and Gold;
With Wines and Music and refin'd Champaign,
This noble Knight he did them entertain.
All three were pleasant while the Ladies fair,
With their two maidens at the toilet were:
And when they were inrobe'd in silk and gold,
And deck'd with rubies comely to behold:
With rings and diamonds beautiful and rare,
Much like two Goddesses they did appear.
The Squires rose with each an humble bow,
And to each Lady with these words did go;
Your approbation now I hope to have,
One sweet salute dear miss is all I crave;
The Ladies smiling said be satisfi'd,
For of this favor you must be deny'd;
We do intend our kisses all to grow,
Till we pull mushrooms in the grove below.
The Squires were confounded mightly,
Yet straightway fell upon their bended knee;
Saying our error now we do confess,
And for your pardon our desire express:
Yet no attention would the Ladies pay,
To what they in their own defence could say;

But in a fit of laughter did retire,
Thus made a pastime of each country Squire;
But when those rustics saw themselves outwited,
And for their misdemeanor rightly fitted,
They in a kind of frenzy took their flight,
And left the Ladies and this worthy Knight.

A short PASTORAL.

REFLECTION sweet, what golden days were these,
When I my flocks to keep, sat down wee ease;
Beneath yon cooling shade, where many a rill,
And murmuring brook, did me wee pleasure fill;
Peace I enjoy'd, and free from worldly care,
Play'd on my oaten reed, or sang most clear.
The mountain's echo form'd a pleasant sound,
The ewes and tender lambs came bleating round;
All did agree to banish discontent,
For to such rural scenes my mind was bent;
But Cupid soon resolv'd my joys to blast,
And from my native soil my lot be cast:
So to fair England quickly I must go,
The thought now fills my heart wee grief and woe.
'Twas there alas young Kitty I espy'd,
Who far exceeded all her sex beside,
In eloquence; hay, I want words to tell,
How much this english damsel did excell,
Each scotish lasse I had ever seen,
At Edenborough, or in Aberdeen.
So as she tript one evening o'er the plain,
To her I stept and did my mind explain;
My artless passion told in words most mild,
But on me with disdain the fair one smild.
Ah! cruel kitty thus to slight a love,
That is as true as any turtle dove:
Yet she may one day rue when 'tis too late,
For this true love of mine, may turn to hate.

And I may have to see her sigh in vain,
And taunting be, regardless of her pain:
What have I said! O no that ne'er can be,
For I must love her till the day I dee:
My heart is bound in adamantine chains,
And if she ne'er consent, so it remains,
Till gentle death in pitty set me free,
Then I shall triumph in my liberty.
But now my lover comes who knows full weel,
The joy and grief at her approach I feel;
She too, practises each inchanting art,
Then proudly triumphs in my grief and smart:
Ungrateful maid, let pitty seize that breast,
That bosom fair, where my fond heart doth rest;
For nothing else my spirit can repair,
Now sunk from keen distraction to dispair.

The fair ones Answer.

Desponding shepherd to your native plains,
And like a winters tale to happy swains;
Your chain of woes unfold: 'twill claim their grief,
And sympathetic tears, afford relief;
If discontented still, you must apply,
To him who gave the wound, for remedy;
He kind will prove, and free you from the smart,
Occasion'd by his bow and golden dart.
Take this advice, given by a damsel who,
Experimental knowledge taught to know;
For I confess upon a time alas,
This heart of mine, extorted from me was;
But unto cupid soon I did complain,
Who pitty took, and gave it me again;
Withdrew his arrow of transparent gold,
Presented me with one of lead so cold.
Then said, your heart is free, no conquest shun,
If e'er its lost again, it shall be won.
This generous promise noble Cupid made,
False love ne'er more your bosom shall invade;
So revel on at large till you trepan,

The

The heart of some designing faithless man;
Or till it may authenticly be said,
The debt of all your sex is fully paid.

The SOLILOQUY of A YOUNG LADY, WHOSE LOVER (BEING A SEA CAPTAIN) WAS FORCED FROM HER THE DAY BEFORE THEIR INTENDED NUPTIALS.

TELL me, tell me ye powers divine,
Was ever maiden's fate like mine?
But Cupid loves a lofty mark,
And to his aid the Gods did hark:
Says he here are two lovers true,
So I will disappoint their view;
When at the Altar they arrive,
Some way to cross them I'll contrive.
So said, he gave command straightway,
(None dare his mandate disobey)
To Neptune, who sent instantly,
My lover to the raging Sea:
Yes to the Seas my Spouse elect,
Is gone, may Heaven him protect;

And now alas I'm left to mourn,
And sighing wish his safe return.
If to some unknown golden coast,
My Captain and his Ship be tost;
There he a richer maid may see,
But none that loves so tenderly;
Nor one that will his fancy move,
So fix'd his mind, so firm his love;
Tho' like Diana she appear,
I have not any cause to fear;
Those Letters which this breast contains,
Do shew his heart in it remains:
The Sun as soon may cease to shine,
As he his constancy resign:
This does my grief alleviate,
Then patiently for him I'll wait,
And when he comes from rich Peru,
He'll bring me Gold and Jewels too,
Not any dare oppose my dear,
His warlike aspect says beware;
Beware, for on my Sword you see,
Here reigneth Laurel'd Victory.
Yet should wild BOREAS fiercely roll,
And wreck this Idol of my soul,
That scene would quickly fix my doom,
And send me to a silent Tomb.
Under suspence, 'twixt hope and fear;
Thus do I languish for my dear:
Ah! is not mine a wretched state,
Ye Gods how will it terminate;
Yet sleep which many nights has been,
By those dull Eyes of mine unseen.
Now seem dispos'd to favour me,
I hope my love to dream of thee.

A POEM ON
A YOUNG LADY
WHO
DIED IN LOVE.

AH! perjur'd man think on your wedding-day,
When first you stole my Virgin-heart away;
What sacred oaths, what promises and vows
You made, that you'd no other e'er espouse:
And when I disbelievd the words you said,
Your answer was, my life my charming maid;
O be not so incredulous I pray,
The heart that's fixt on you can never stray.
But now alas! poor NANCY's charms you slight,
And to another soon your troth you plight;
'Tis done, 'tis o'er, for now the fatal Bell,
Proclaims their Marriage, Oh! my spirits fail:
Come gentle Death and cure this wild despair,
For Oh! alas, 'tis more than I can bear.
Lo yonder comes the Bride with all her train,
Attended by the falsest of all men;
See how majestickly he walks the street,
As tho' he would his perfidy compleat;
To shew his haughty looks and proud disdain,
Feed on the title of a faithless swain;
But when I in a silent grave am laid,
He then will think upon the injured maid;
My ghastly spirit shall to him appear,
And tell him that he should have prov'd sincere.

FINIS.

AN ELEGY ON A PIOUS YOUNG LADY,

WHO DIED IN THE TWENTYFOURTH YEAR OF HER AGE.

O God regard my supplication,
And fill my mind with inspiration;
Whilst I employ my pen to shew,
And decorate a scene of woe.
Whilst I relate a mournful tale,
Behold the Lilly of the vale;
Must every graceful charm resign,
To lie within a sable shrine.
A damsel aged twenty three,
Yet twenty four she must not see;
Our Lord commands, she must obey,
Nor with her friends one moment stay.
But this angelic creature is,
Gone to the realms of sacred bliss:
Gone far above the reach of woe,
Where loss of friends she'll never know.
Then why should we disturb her rest,
When of fair Eden repossess'd;
By breathing forth our sighs in vain,
To waft the damsel back again.
Jehovah from his throne of Gold,

This pious maiden did behold;
Endow'd with so much excellence,
Immortalized and took her hence.
That should have been her nuptial day,
On which she was reduc'd to clay;
But finish'd by the great I AM,
She's now espous'd unto the Lamb,
Where myriads of the holy train,
Their viols tune and voices strain;
To welcome her to Canaan's shore,
Where she must dwell for evermore.

FINIS.

A VINDICATION OF FATE IN MARRIAGE.

YE British Beaus attend to me,
Who say there is no destiny;
And I'll convince you if I can,
Fate must excuse a foolish man.
If such a person I could find,
Who unto marriage was inclin'd;
Determin'd now to take a wife,
To plague or please him all his life.
And now this topic to maintain,
And my philosophy explain;

Suppose

Suppose this man of morals true,
His whole accomplishments I'll shew;
Just forty seven is his age,
By this you'll know he must be sage;
Of genius and good education,
Besides a decent situation:
His family of good repute,
His person no one would dispute;
Then give this man free will to choose,
Throughout fair England for a spouse:
And hear him say here's one will suit me,
With neither wit, wealth, youth or beauty;
To affability a stranger,
And from pudicity a ranger;
Would not you be in great surprise,
And this strange folly satirize;
Would you not say that man is blind,
Or else dame fortune most unkind.

FINIS.

RULES FOR POLITE BEHAVIOUR.

I.

DIVULGE no Secrets.

II.

Never desire to know more than your Friend is willing to reveal.

III.

If company come into your Friend's House, be sure to retire.

IV.

If a favor is offer'd you by Superiors, be sure you accept it.

V.

If you are refer'd to the choice of two things, give preference to one.

VI.

Be not elevated by personal accomplishments.

VII.

Use no Lies or Equivocations.

VIII.

Do not by pursueing pleasure, neglect your employment.

IX.

Promise nothing but what you intend to perform.

X.

E'er you start an argument, duly perpend the same in your mind.

XI.

Take care not to wound the Ladies ears, by indelicate speaches or double meanings.

XII.

Never eat or drink to excess.

FINIS.

J. Todd, Printer, Bedale